

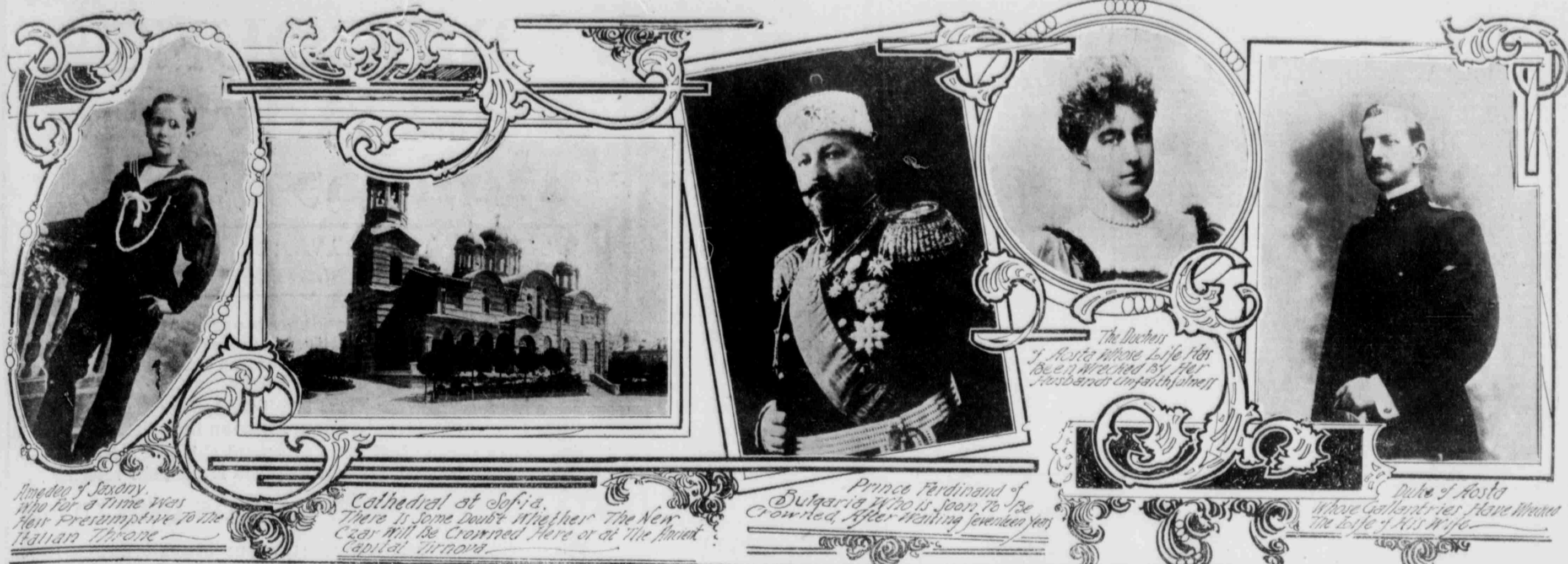
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PART TWO

SATURDAY NOVEMBER 20 1909 SALT LAKE CITY UTAH

FIFTY-NINTH YEAR



Aeroplaning Becomes a Serious Rival to Hunting

(Special Correspondence.)
LONDON, Nov. 19.—Several smart English and American women assure me that they have no time for hunting this season, so absorbed are they in the study of the aeroplane. It is their burning ambition to guide their own "cars" and with this object in view they have been working hard to acquire mastery over the latest vehicle. The Marchioness of Londonderry, the first British woman to obtain a masters certificate to navigate a yacht on the high seas, has her own aeroplane at Weymouth, and with her daughter, the Countess of Ilchester, has been trying her "prentice" hand on it. From the very first Lady Grand has taken the liveliest interest in the aeroplane and she is credited by her friends with the ambition of being the first lady in Europe to fly.

One of Mrs. George Cavendish Bentinck's daughters have been pronounced an aeroplanist. Mrs. Walter Burns has designed as becoming a costume as it is possible to imagine for the "freak." There is a neat, close-fitting hood of very effective shape and a long coat loose and well cut, fastened with oxidized buttons. I hear Mrs. Burns means to patent this outfit, which comprises other things besides those mentioned.

HUNTING STILL POPULAR.
Notwithstanding the attractions of aeroplaning, however, hunting holds its own in other quarters and many of its old votaries are true to it, notably Mrs. Strawbridge, whose hunt breakfasts and exploits in the field are more discussed than those of any American now in England, possibly because this pretty Philadelphiaian is so chic and elegant. Mrs. Strawbridge is a great lover of horse-flesh and always buys her own hunters. She crossed to Ireland some time ago to purchase Irish horses which she says she likes better than any others; they are so full of spirit. Some of her friends recently presented her with a gold spur set with diamonds, an uncommonly beautiful thing which, however, she regards as an ornament, being one of the women who do not approve of the use of the spur. Mrs. Strawbridge was the first to set the fashion of the broad hat that is so much worn in the field this year.

Mrs. Robert Emmet, whose husband claims to be of the family of the famous Irish patriot, is another American woman who is well known in the shires.

She owns a magnificent hunting box in Warwickshire, in reality a miniature palace, and her hunting breakfasts, at which everything in and out of season is served, are the talk of the country. It was she who declined to return the visit of a certain well known countess in the neighborhood because she did not approve of her.

WONDERFUL TROUSSEAU.
Quite the most wonderful trousseau that has ever left Paris was that made for Elaine Whitney Hoff, daughter of the well known Americans, Mr. and Mrs. John Jacob Hoff of Paris, so I was informed by three different people who went over to Paris for the wedding. The bride, who is now Mrs. Albert Everard Labouchere, is wearing frocks and coats such as will not be generally worn for three months yet. Nearly all her coats were quite short, and many of her gowns had extra long waists. Some of the toques were infinitely and absolutely exclusive in shape. She had quantities of picture gowns, some of which were after Romney, and simplicity itself to look at—but the buttons and the lace upon them were worth a fortune.

There was a special reception given to the girl and women friends of the bride to see the superb display of lingerie. Not even for a princess was there ever prepared anything like it. Sets of garments were made of the most costly lace threaded with ribbon to match each of the bride's gowns. This lace lingerie is quite new. It was the emphatic wish of Mrs. John Jacob Hoff that the poor of Paris should benefit by her daughter's marriage; and so she insisted that every stitch in this wonderful trousseau should be worked by hand and, when at all possible, done in that quarter of Paris where Mrs. Hoff works as earnestly among its poor.

The bridegroom gave the bride a set of sables which were an exact replica of one made for the empress of Russia a year ago. They were purchased from a St. Petersburg firm, every skin being especially picked for its coloring and beauty of texture. She also had a wonderful set of black fox among her furs—soft as satin and black as night. A year ago no doubt this would have been "pointed" fox, but this winter no self-respecting woman will be seen in that variety. It has become so vulgarized by cheap imitations. Mrs. Labouchere has, too, some exquisite ermine, one of the numerous gifts from her mother. I believe, and this was largely used for trimmings of picture gowns for evening wear.

NEGLECTED MANNERS.
I won't give her away more than to mention that she is an American, a viscountess, and that she lived recently at Ascot. She had money, married a lord and paid his debts. But everyone here knew at the time of the marriage that she never had put her nose



CAPT. S. F. ODDY.
Captain Oddy is the American aviator who is in charge of the British army flying experiments.

New Czar of the Bulgarians Distinctly Businesslike Ruler.

Ferdinand Has His Little Personal Vanities But He Has Introduced German Thoroughness and Discipline—His Subjects Don't Like But Respect Him.

(Special Correspondence.)
SOFIA, Nov. 8.—After 17 years of waiting, Ferdinand, born Prince of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, is to be crowned czar of the Bulgarians. This means triumph over Turkey in particular and the Balkans in general. The coronation was to have taken place last August, but his subjects would like him to join the Greek church, and he would like to entertain a papal envoy on the auspicious occasion. It is impossible to do both, and his majesty is hesitating so that, at the time of writing, it is not definitely known whether he will be crowned according to the rites of the western or eastern churches.

Strange to say, all preparations were made for the ceremony 17 years ago. King Ferdinand always wished to be "His Royal Highness" rather than "His Highness" and in 1892 he asked the powers signatory to the treaty of Berlin to allow a Bulgarian czar in the Balkans. There was not a distinct "No," so he hastened to Munich and ordered a beautiful regalia, consisting of crown, scepter, orb and sword, to be ready at once. The Munich jeweler, glad to get such a large order, executed it with all possible haste and just after it was ready the powers said they would not have a czar in Bulgaria.

ALL EUROPE LAUGHED.
Prince Ferdinand wished to keep the regalia story a secret; but unfortunately, he could not pay for the outfit and the jeweler, very much disappointed, brought an action against him. He even went so far as to display the whole regalia in his shop windows, with a large notice to the effect that they had been made for the Prince of Bulgaria. Not only all Munich, but all Bavaria, looked on and laugh at the bangles made for a prince who was forbidden by the powers to use them and by his pocket to pay for them. The poor man became the laughing stock of Europe and the jeweler was about to win his case when Princess Clementine, Ferdinand's mother, stepped in, paid the bill, and handed the regalia over to her son. The jewels were lodged with a German banker, till the powers, and opportunity, should be more favorable to Prince Ferdinand's ambitions.

So sure was Princess Clementine that her son would one day be a king that she left a large fortune to be spent solely on the expenses of the coronation. The ceremony will, therefore, be a gorgeous one. The cathedral has been renovated and all the fountains in Sofia will run wine. The coronation robes of the king and his consort are to be as magnificent as such garments can be made. Whether this display will please the economical Bulgarians is another matter.

LIVES THE SIMPLE LIFE.
Usually the king lives very simply. His palace at Sofia is far smaller than most English country houses, the rooms are plainly furnished with chintz-covered chairs and the simple midday dinners are prepared by one cook. There is no luxury whatever and everybody, but the king and his secretaries, is lodged at half-price. This simplicity, of course, is echoed throughout the kingdom. There are no grand balls or dinners, and the staid Bulgarians live so well within their modest means that foreign ministers always look upon Sofia as a place to save, rather than spend, money in.

The king is not liked by his subjects, but he is respected, his despotism being due probably to his German birth. But they like his German methods, punctuality, economy and discipline. Sofia, though only 29 years old, is the best built and best kept city in eastern Europe. The streets are well paved and the houses clean. It is modeled

on Berlin and the soldiers are drilled to be as much like their Prussian prototypes as possible.

"One day," the Bulgarians say, "we shall be the first nation in the Balkans. Our ambitions are the same. That is why we work so well together."

NOT POPULAR IN TURKEY.
Of course the coronation is part of their joint program. Ferdinand's new title even has caused a good deal of displeasure in Turkey. When he called himself "king of Bulgaria," Turkey was very dissatisfied; but, as all the world knows, the matter was settled. Then it transpired that the new king was going to call himself "king of the Bulgarians," and Turkey objected again because there are several millions of Bulgarians under Turkish rule.

"If he calls himself king of the Bulgarians," say the Turks, "he will soon be interfering with those Bulgarians who are Turkish subjects."

The worst of it is that this is just what Bulgaria does. At any rate, the king made no answer to Turkish protests and seems to be determined to stick to the second title. It is an open secret that he wants to annex Roumelia and that part of Turkish territory of which Salonica is the capital. When this is done, the title "king of the Bulgarians" will still hold good.

A good many stories are told of this newly titled king. He is very kind and hospitable to foreigners and likes seeing and talking to journalists. One day a French journalist was at the palace and the prince, as he was then, talked quite a long while, telling stories of different people who had been to see him.

SCHEME TO GET RID OF BORIS.
"But your highness must sometimes get very bored with all these visitors," said the Frenchman.

"Oh, no! not at all," was the reply. "When they stay too long and I want them to go, I press an electric button that connects with my secretary's room. It is under my desk, so I can easily do it with my foot. The secretary then comes in and says 'Her highness would like to see you, sire.' I get up and my guest goes."

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when the secretary appeared at the door, saying "Her highness would like to see you, sire." The prince burst in, an hour's work before 5 o'clock breakfast, which consists of rice, coffee and a couple of eggs.

THE HEIR TO THE THRONE.
His eldest son, Boris, was born in 1894. Leo XIII almost excommunicated the king when, acting upon his subjects' wishes, he allowed the young prince to leave the Roman for the Greek church. The present pope, Pius X., was also very angry when, in 1905, he married, as his second wife, a Protestant, Princess Eleonora. His first wife, a Bourbon, was a Roman Catholic, and it was thought at the Vatican, that her son should remain in his mother's faith.

But King Ferdinand thought otherwise and, a short time ago, the archbishop metropolitan of Sofia, received him into the eastern church.

The heir to the Bulgarian throne is brought up very strictly, and has quite a military training. He always wears a uniform and is drilled like a soldier. His father wishes to instill the military spirit into him whilst he is still young.

The soldiers on guard at the palace always salute him—an attention which makes him very pleased—but, like most children, the daily routine tires him.

INFORMAL DINNERS.
From time to time the king gives small informal dinner parties, to which people who amuse or interest him are invited. The correspondent of a well-known daily paper, who makes Sofia his headquarters and knows all there is to know about the Bulgarians, was very anxious to be invited. He happened to meet the king at one of the foreign legations and managed to interest him. When everybody was gone, the correspondent, who is known for his deafness, stuck close to a military attaché who he knew had the coveted invitation. The king shook hands with the soldier, then with the correspondent, and said to the latter: "Good-bye, colonel, we shall expect you on Thursday."

Of course the correspondent knew it was not for him, but so good an opportunity could not be lost.

"Thank you, sire, I shall be sure to avail myself of your kindness."

"But it's not yet," roared the attaché.

"No, not yet," assented the correspondent, pretending to be deaf, but then ever, and hurrying off. The king, of course, remembering the man had interested him, promptly sent him a message to remind him of next Thursday. But from that day, nobody believes the clever correspondent is deaf.

QUEEN IS POPULAR.
Queen Eleonora has already found her way to the Bulgarians' hearts. She works incessantly for their welfare, and, though she has been so short a time in the country, has opened schools and founded homes for orphans and the children of parents who are too poor to give the offspring a good education. She is the first to introduce into the east that gracious western custom of opening bazaars, hospitals and concerts in order that her subjects may take an interest in functions intended to swell the funds of various institutions. She will sit out the most wearisome concert and chat with her subjects in the most charming way. She is a very accomplished woman and speaks several languages fluently and as soon as she became the king's wife she set herself to learn Bulgarian—a difficult language—and, whilst in view, worked at it for several hours a day. She is never so happy as when at Varna, a beautiful little town on the Black sea, where she personally directs a school of handicraft and embroidery. She takes no part whatever in affairs of state and disapproves of women politicians.

A woman's sphere, whether she be queen or dairy maid, is her home, she says to her maids of honor, and as the king likes to manage the kingdom by himself, her opinions fit in very well with his.

Although there is a parliament (consisting) of 200 members, it rarely sits for more than six weeks in the year. After that, King Ferdinand dissolves it, takes counsel with his ministers and disposes with the deputies for the rest of the year. His subjects are quite content to leave their country's guidance in his hands. He is a very pleasant deputy remarked to the writer. He might have added "and he knows what he wants."

E. C. BASKERVILLE.

Sad Life Story of Royal Duchess is Nearing its End

(Special Correspondence.)
ROME, Nov. 9.—No more poignant royal tragedy has ever aroused the sympathy of a nation than that of Princess Elena of Orleans, Duchess d'Aosta, whose breakdown in health added to her domestic troubles make her one of the most pathetic figures in Europe.

The daughter of a house which has lost a throne and the wife of a man who for years hoped to inherit one only to have that hope taken away at last, she is denied even the consolation of domestic happiness, and many people in Italy do not hesitate to declare that her physical breakdown is due in large part at least to the mental strain to which she has been subjected.

Her position now is doubly painful for she has started on a journey in search of health which will probably be her last. A tender and devoted mother, she is separated from her children, perhaps for ever; a passionately faithful wife, she has said good-bye to her husband.

MARRIED LIFE A TRAGEDY.
The duchess has been ordered to the Congo for her health, as she is very ill with consumption, but court circles see under this only too true excuse, a veritable tragedy. Her entire married life, in fact, has been a tragedy the last scenes of which are near.

She was a princess of France, the daughter of the Duc d'Orleans, the legitimate claimant to the throne of that country. When she married the Duc d'Aosta he was direct heir to the Italian throne, and it was understood that the Prince of Naples, now the king of Italy, would never marry. That was her first disappointment. After the prince's marriage her eldest son was her apparent for some time, as King Victor had no children, and she dreamed of a throne for her son, if not for herself, but in the course of years even that hope died with the birth of the present crown prince.

SCANDAL AFTER SCANDAL.
Up to this time her relations with her husband had not been notably disturbed, but as her health declined his eye for a pretty face seemed to become keener and quarrels resulted. Scandal after scandal followed, sometimes hushed up, sometimes coming to public notice, until the duchess said she would endure it no longer and would return to her mother in England. At this point all the power of her husband's family was brought to bear to prevent such a scandal, and after a struggle she forebore, at the expense of her own peace of mind and bodily health. That she would have been happier separated from the duke is doubtful, for in spite of all the great unhappiness he has caused her, she loves him devotedly and is wretched when separated from him. A compromise was effected and indeed it was rendered all the more necessary by the ever declining state of her health. Under this arrangement when she could not endure her domestic relations with her husband, she would leave him for a time.

This happened two years ago, and Duchess Elena went to England to be present at the marriage of her sister, Louise, to Prince Charles of Bourbon-Sicily. There she took cold and returned so ill that she stopped one day only at Naples, to see her children, and went straight on to Cairo, from there to Marseilles, and returned later so improved and apparently so well that a long lease of life was promised her by

the physicians. But they had reckoned without the duke! She had not been long in Naples when his name and that of a young girl of noble family were brought into unsavory notoriety and the scandal was such common property that it reached even his wife's secluded ears. She took it so much to heart that in a couple of weeks the benefits of her trip were dissipated, and she was even reported to be dying. This was an exaggeration but those who saw her scarcely recognized her.

QUEEN INTERCEDES.
Again she determined to throw up the sponge and repudiate her husband, and again she forgave him, through the intercession of the queen of England, who is her very good friend. The tie between these two royal ladies began when the Duke of Clarence, Queen Alexandra's eldest son who died of typhoid fever and was passionately in love with the then Princess Elena of Orleans, called for her on his deathbed and she went to him at the solicitation of his mother, Queen Alexandra, lingering two weeks in Naples, to effect the reconciliation.

The duchess then took her courage in both hands, shut her eyes tight where her husband was concerned, and looking into the frank faces of her children, endured her life and even at times enjoyed it. However, so weak was she that the exertion of going on board King Edward's yacht, when he visited King Victor at Baise, to lunch was too much, and she fainted and was taken hurriedly to Castellamare where she remained for some time.

She got through last summer pretty well, but the doctors are said to have declared that they would not answer for the consequences if she remained in Italy during the winter. There is no doubt that they did say so, but people in court circles are quite convinced also that the time has come when she must have the relief of another absence from her husband, and the Congo was advised as the best climate; now they are asking themselves sadly if this will be the eternal separation.

DANCER HIS NEW FLAME.
This time it is said that the duke has departed from his custom of admiring those who approach his own rank and has taken up with a little dancer at one of the local theatres. He is so infatuated that the girl even was allowed to make her appearance in the dead of night to be sure—at the duchess's bidding, and the duchess, ill and awake, hearing an uncomfortable sound, went out and found the dancer with her husband.

THE BARRISTER'S REFUSAL.
Mr. Reader Harris, K. C., was once offered a brief marked in guineas on behalf of a railway company that wished to obtain a refreshment license for a particular railway station. He returned the brief on conscientious grounds, but later on it was sent back to him with a fee of 50 guineas marked on it. This time he returned it with a note in which he explained that his refusal was due to a matter of principle. Subsequently he met one of the directors of the company and expressed a hope that he and his colleagues were not annoyed at his conduct.

"Not at all," said the director. "I'll tell you all about it. So-and-so, the big brewer, was sitting on the board for the first time at the meeting at which the collector reported that your brief marked 50 guineas had been returned. 'Who's this meddling barrister?' he asked. 'Mark the brief he gave me! I'll bet you anything you like he'll take it.' 'Oh, you will, will you?' asked the chairman. 'You see, we all know you, Harris. We took the brewer on at 5 but I'll bet you 50 guineas that you won't take it in five pound notes. He looked the bets with every one of us and he has paid up.'—London Telegram.

disposing of their town houses and taking big places within measurable distance of London where they can start aeroplaning. London does not suit the health of the vast majority of American women, especially at this time of the year, and now that the motor car annihilates distance, people prefer to live in or near London. There are those who say that before many years, we shall see cards indicating that "apartments" are to be let in Park Lane and Grosvenor Square.

LADY MARY.